

## *Heat Wave: November in Vermont*

MITCH LESCARBEAU

The world's askew:  
there should be packed pads  
in the snow, clawmarks of wildness  
around the white birches, not  
these honeybees lazing and gnats tonguing my arm,  
the air soft as a ghost's breath,  
a single peepfrog peeping  
in woods emptied of their leaves last month,  
the sky the sweet blue balm of June,  
and just now, my cat Alice, companion  
in our indolent afternoon, pawing the air  
on her hind legs, heraldic as a coat of arms  
in the buttery sunlight.